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Sixty Irish songs

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SIXTY IRISH SONGS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

EDITED BY
WILLIAM ARMS FISHER

FOR HIGH VOICE

118171



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IRISH MUSIC

*A voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight where the brooking trees
Hear the Shannon's druid water chant forever
Tales of dead kings and bards and shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream.
A girl's clear voice o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.*

* * * * *

*Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrows seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears.
New songs wake in the morning of her awaking
From the enchantment of eight hundred years.*

JOHN TODHUNTER

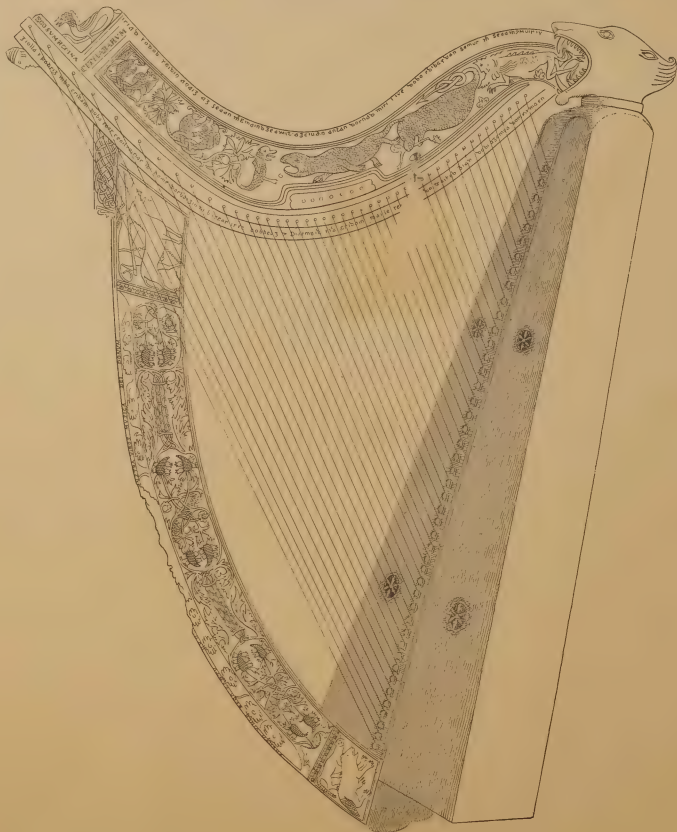
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ANCIENT IRISH HARP

IN 1809 THIS INSTRUMENT WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF NOAH DALNIAY, ESQ., OF BELLAHILL, NEAR CARRICKFERGUS. AN ENGRAVING WAS MADE OF IT FOR THE FRONTISPIECE OF EDWARD BUNTING'S ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC, PUBLISHED IN LONDON, NOVEMBER, 1809



TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTIONS

EGO SUM REGINA CITHARUM = I AM THE QUEEN OF HARPS

FROM THE GAELIC, BEGINNING WITH THE UPPER LINE: I, JOHN MCEMGIN, HAD AS MY PATRON, GERALD OF CLUAN, AT THE TIME THAT I PROFESSED POETRY AND MUSIC; AMONG MY OTHER PATRONS WERE JAMES MACSHANE AND MAURICE OILPATRICK, WHO WERE FAMOUS AS MEN OF MUSIC, KNOWN TO ME AS BEING UNEXCELLED; I MAY ALSO MENTION DIARMAID MACCRIDAM AND WITH HIM TWO SAGES OF AN ANCIENT SCHOOL WHO WERE WITH ME AS COLLABORATORS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS



OF the sixty songs included in this volume one-third are familiar to lovers of Irish music, while two-thirds are presented for the first time; that is, nearly forty folk-melodies of Ireland are here united to lyrics by Irish poets and welded with accompaniments that seek to express their spirit.

These melodies were culled by an examination of more than two thousand recorded folk-songs, most of them wordless.

Songs hitherto published based on Irish folk-tunes have been of two types: the poet seeking melodies to match his lyrics, or the musician seeking lyrics to fit chosen melodies. Thomas Moore was of the first type, though he did not hesitate to change the melodies to fit his own lyrics. His successors have been of the second type, notably Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who, respecting and cherishing the melodies of his country, has been fortunate in having the co-operation of an Irish lyricist of kindred spirit, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who with uncommon skill and sympathy wrote or adapted lyrics to match the recorded melodies without change.

A third and hitherto untried plan has been followed in the preparation of this volume. Instead of employing lyrics written to order, the editor has turned directly to the wealth of modern Irish lyric poetry, and after examining volumes containing in the aggregate over two thousand poems, he culled nearly two hundred that had the song quality, that were of the music-provoking type. Therefore the lyrics, instead of being by one hand, are the spontaneous work of many Irish poets.

After selecting melodies of charm and lyrics that were songful came the delicate task of finding the right melody for a chosen lyric, or the appropriate lyric for a chosen air, *without changing either melody or lyric*—the *sine qua non* being their mutual fitness, not merely in metre and in rhythm but in spirit, in kinship. The two should so accord as to seem to have been written for each other,

or even written together. With what measure of success this new plan has been carried out the completed songs must evidence.

The fourth stage in the work was the congenial task of welding chosen melody and lyric into a complete union by means of an expressive accompaniment. As folksongs in their natural state are without accompaniment or any harmonic support whatever, the question arises as to the style of accompaniment most appropriate for them, or, indeed, whether they should be accompanied at all. To the extreme position of some folklorists it is enough to say, that unless these folk-tunes are to remain sealed in the silence of antiquarian tomes and the journals of Folksong societies, they must be given not only words but accompaniments. Shall these accompaniments be reduced to a mere skeleton barely sufficient to support the voice, or shall they be enriched with something of the color our sophisticated modern ears demand?

Broadly speaking, there are two ways of writing accompaniments to old melodies: the way of the *arranger*, and the way of the *composer*. The first manufactures a conventional piano part that is as unobtrusive as possible and therefore colorless and dull; the second, with careful regard for the character of both melody and text, creates a colorful accompaniment that enhances both, gives them fresh significance, and when most perfectly done charms the listener with the impression of a fresh and spontaneous creation. The humdrum commonplaceness of the first type suits well the pedestrian mind, and endless examples abound. The danger in the second type is lack of due restraint and forgetfulness of the beauty of simplicity. It may, of course, be argued that the natural sincerity and essential naïveté of folk-tunes tend to disappear, the more subtle the supplied accompaniment; that folk-music and art-music are too distinct and separate by nature to merge. These questions can be hotly debated.

The wordless folk-tunes in the first volume of Edward Bunting's *Ancient Irish Music* (London, 1796) led to the writing of Thomas Moore's earlier *Melodies*. In the poet's own words: "They were the mine from which the workings of my labors as a poet have derived their lustre and value."

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the eminent Irish musician, in the preface to his revision of Moore's *Irish Melodies* (London, 1894), while acknowledging the value of Moore's work as the first popular presentation of the folksongs of Ireland, says: "There is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt."

Moore's *Melodies* were published in sections at intervals from 1807 to 1834.¹ The poet's first co-laborer was Sir John Stevenson, who wrote the piano accompaniments in the current style of his day. Dr. Stanford calls him "a remarkable musician," but "much under the influence of the works of Haydn, and he seems to have imported into his arrangements a dim echo of the style of the great Austrian composer. He could scarcely have chosen a model more unsuited for the wildness and ruggedness of the music with which he had to deal." But Sir John, eminent in his own day, wrote in the fashion of his time, just as the eminent Sir Charles has accompanied the very same melodies in the fashion of his later day, stamped of course with his individual traits.

Bunting made his arrangements in the artificial florid style of the period; Beethoven's settings of Irish airs bear his own hallmark; Stevenson's thin and dry harmonizations² doubtless pleased Tom Moore's listeners, as the later arrangements of Bishop, Balfe, Hatton, and Molloy have in turn fitted the ever changing fashion of musi-

cal speech. Professor Stanford's late Victorian arrangements, again, are written in an idiom that his juniors doubtless regard as already passing, and, recently, Irish airs have appeared in London dressed in a garb that shows the influence, not of the remote Handel and Haydn, or the late Johannes Brahms, but of the contemporary Debussy.

In the nature of things no writer can escape his own period, can help inhaling the common air, or avoid writing in the current speech of his day. It is enough, then, to say that the accompaniments in this volume were written not yesterday but to-day, well knowing that to-morrow other hands will with equal enthusiasm set these and other Irish airs in a fashion that, whether simple or complex, will be of to-morrow.

As the writer has prepared these songs for singers to sing, rather than for students of folksong, he has sought to weld melody, text, and harmonic scheme into songs that would appeal, not because of their source, but because they held something of that beauty the artist forever seeks. These songs were gathered "That all who hear may dream a little while." From a rich abundance a few sprays have been torn—torn

*"from the green boughs of old Eire,
Green boughs of tussing always weary, weary!
The willow of the many-sorrowed world."*

Few but avowed Celticists know with what lavish richness Ireland has poured out her heart in both melody and poetry. As this volume is a union of both, it is not out of place to say a word regarding each and to quote from those who speak with authority.

As to the abundance of Irish folk-music, none

¹A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic words by Thomas Moore, Esq., London, James Power, was issued in ten parts and a supplement between 1807 and 1834. The piano accompaniments of the first seven parts are by Stevenson. Part Seven is dated, October 1, 1818. Moore's co-laborer for the remaining parts was Sir Henry Bishop, Part Eight bearing the date, May, 1821. A pirated edition of this part appeared in Dublin in the same year, edited by the musician Bishop had supplanted—Sir John Stevenson.

²In A Prefatory Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of D— that opens the original edition of the first volume of the Irish Melodies Moore feels called upon "to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies." This letter is dated, January, 1810.

can speak with greater knowledge than the late Dr. P. W. Joyce, long President of the "Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland," himself an indefatigable collector of folk-tunes and an authority on Irish life and history. In his important collection, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs* (London and Dublin, 1909), he states that over three thousand different Irish airs are now in print, and that from known sources this number could readily be increased to five thousand.

As to the character and quality of this abundance, Sir Hubert Parry writes: "Irish folk-music is probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world, and is particularly rich in tunes which imply considerable sympathetic sensitiveness."

Another English writer, Dr. Ernest Walker, is even more eloquent, for in his *History of Music in England* (Oxford, 1907) he says: "Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists. It ranges with wonderful ease over the whole gamut of human emotion from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. . . . In their miniature form the best Irish folk-tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre. . . . For sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert, and the Irish folk-composers form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of art. . . . In form, as well as melody, the best Irish folk-music is exceptionally polished. The phrases have a quite exceptional freedom from anything like either vagueness or stiffness of line; the melodies never tie themselves into knots, and the rhythmical basis is always firm and coherent."

They who drink of Irish music draw from an olden fountain; its haunting airs bring back to mind forgotten things from long ago. It is to be regretted that the words of Ireland's recorded folksongs have, for the most part, been lost, yet the records of Irish literature are older far than any surviving music, for, in the words of the eminent Gaelic scholar, Professor Kuno Mayer, "The vernacular literature of ancient Ireland is the most primitive and original among the litera-

tures of Western Europe. Its importance as the earliest voice from the dawn of West European civilization cannot be denied. It is not till the end of the eleventh century that we find the beginnings of a national literature in France and Germany; whereas Ireland had become the heiress of the classical and theological learning of the Western Empire of the third and fourth centuries, and a period of humanism was thus ushered in which reached its culmination during the sixth and following centuries, the Golden Age of Irish civilization." It was then that "Ireland drew upon herself the eyes of the whole world as the one haven of rest, as the great seminary of learning, in a turbulent world overrun by hordes of barbarians."

In the same vein Renan, in his essay *La Poésie de la Race Celtique*, writes: "Ireland is the sole country of Europe where the native can produce authentic documents of his remote unbroken lineage, and designate with certainty, up to prehistoric ages, the source from which he sprang. Restricted by conquest to some islands and peninsulas of the West, the Celtic race has habitually striven to oppose an impassable barrier to all alien influences. This ancient race has come down to our day still faithful to its language, its memories, its ideals, and its genius. In the grand concert of the human species, no family equals this for penetrating voices that go to the heart."

A strange melancholy characterizes the genius of the Celtic race. In the words of William Sharp: "For all the blithe songs and happy abandon of so many Irish singers, the Irish themselves have given us the most poignant, the most hauntingly sad lyric cries in all modern literature. Renan fully recognizes this, and how, even in the heroic age, the melancholy of inappeasable regret, of insatiable longing, is as obvious as in our own day, when spiritual weariness is as an added crown of thorns." Whence comes this sadness, he asks? "Take the songs of the sixth century bards; they mourn more defeats than they sing victories. The history of the Celtic race itself is but a long complaint, the lament of exiles, the

grief of despairing flights beyond the seas. If occasionally it seems to make merry, a tear ever lurks behind the smile." As one of her own poets has said of Eire: "The sorrow of a thousand years makes dark her ever youthful eyes."

The use of English by the native poets of Ireland may be said to have begun toward the end of the eighteenth century. At first the flavor of this Anglo-Celtic poetry was local and national rather than universal. It voiced the passion for nationality, or the cry of the exile in remembrance of his land with its wild and romantic past. Sometimes it voiced the spirit of rebellion, or the pain of misery and famine, the misery of a whole country; or in wild revolt from sadness it sang with rollicking abandon, or pictured the tender idyls of peasant life that appear despite Ireland's turmoil and pain. Much of this poetry is unpretentious and reaches no high level, for, with a few exceptions, it is only lately, in what is called the Celtic Revival, that Irish poetry in English can claim to be a fine art. The poets of this later group for the most part remain distinctively Irish, as they should, but their best work has the universal quality, and by its distinction of form, its haunting beauty, and its wist-

ful charm, it gives them an individual place in the Song of the World.

The poetry of this modern group has what Matthew Arnold calls the "Celtic nearness to Nature and her secret; Celtic aerialness and magic; the sheer, inimitable Celtic note." The contemporary Anglo-Celtic poetry of Ireland, writes William Sharp, "has a quality which no other English poetry possesses in like degree; the quality which Matthew Arnold defined as natural magic—"Celtic poetry drenched in the dew of natural magic.""

That "inimitable Celtic note" lurks in the melodies and lyrics of this volume, for they both are Ireland's own. The editor on his part has sought only to enhance that note, and not to obtrude aught that is alien or discordant. In so far as he has succeeded will these songs pass on to others that magic of the Celt which Ireland's native songs have in a peculiar degree.

*"Ne'er forgetful silence fall on thee,
Old music heard by Mona of the sea.
Nor may that eerie, wistful music die;
Still in the far, fair Gaelic places
Its sighing wakes the soul in withered faces,
And wakes remembrance of great things gone by."*

Wm. Armin Fisher

Boston, June 15, 1915

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY, O!

1

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With brightness

VOICE

PIANO

mf
1. The lit - tle red
2. The beard of

lark is shak - ing his wings, Straight from the breast of his
bar - ley is old man's - gray, All green and sil - ver the

rit. love he springs; *a tempo* Lis - ten the lilt of the song he
new - mown hay, The dew from his wings he has sha - ken

poco rit. sings, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The
way, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The

sea is rock-ing a cra - dle_ hark! To a hush - ing song, and the
lit-tle red lark is high_ in the sky, No_ ea - gle soars where the

poco rit. *a tempo cresc.*
fields_ are dark, And would I were there with the lit - tle red_ lark,
lark_ may fly. Where are you go - ing to, high, so_ high?

poco rit. *a tempo*
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!

mf
3. His wings_ and feath - ers are sun - rise red, He hails_ the

sun and his gold-en head; Good-mor-row, sun, you are long a-bed.

All in the morn-ing ear-ly, O! I would I were where the lit-tle red

lark Up in the dawn, like a rose-red spark, Sheds the
brillante

day on the fields so dark, All in the morn-ing ear-ly, O!
f cresc.
f cresc. *sfz*

Red.

AT DAWNING OF THE DAY

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With animation

PIANO

mf

1. As_ I roam'd out: one_ morn - ing The_ stars were in the_ sky, But
 2. Her_ feet out - vied the_ dai - sies, Her_ hair out-shone the_ sun; Her

Chan - ti - cleer his_ warn - ing Had flung it_ low and high. The
 beau - ty, like the_ Gra - ces, Did join all_ sweets in one. Her

lit - tle birds were_ talk - ing, The_ moun - tains yet were_
 eyes like twin - stars_ mar - ried, Her_ breath of new - mown_

*accel.**poco accel.*

poco rit.

gray, When *Col-leen Dhas came walk - ing At dawn - ing of the
hay; A milk - ing pail she car - ried At dawn - ing of the

poco rit.

day.
day.

a tempo

p *cresc.*

mf

3. Now, are you ten - der He - be? Or may - be Ju - no

mf

cresc.

bright? Your name it might be Phoe - be, That robs the sun of

cresc.

* Colleen Dhas:—Pretty, fair-haired maiden.

poco accel.

light. Or are you love - ly - Ve - nus That close be - side me -

poco accel.

poco rit.

stray? With the milk - ing - pail be - tween us At dawn - ing of the

poco rit.

day.

4. "Young

p

man," she said, "don't flat - ter, Your glance is bold and free; No -

3

stran-ger's praise will mat-ter To vir-tuous maids like me. Pray

f *deciso*
go where you were go-ing, I take the oth-er way; And I

hear my Crum-my low-ing At dawn-ing of the day."

cresc.

a tempo 5. Up - on a bunch of -

f *p*

rush - es A - lone I sat and heard Her voice out - sing the

thrush - es And ev - 'ry wak'ning bird. I heard the sweet milk

meno mosso

spurt - ing, The hedge between us lay, And I long'd that we were

meno mosso

court - ing At dawn - ing of the day.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Cruachán na Fèine"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

1. A - ven - ging and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark "dwelling" When

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For
Ul - ad's three cham-pions lay sleep - ing in gore By the

ev - 'ry fond eye which he wa - kend a tear in, A
bil - lows of war, which so oft - en, high swell - ing, Have

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore!

a tempo *sfz*

3. We swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be tast - ed, The

harp shall be— si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our

halls shall be— mute, and our fields shall lie— wast - ed, Till

ven - geance is— wreak'd on the mur - der - er's— head!

a tempo

f

4. Yes mon - arch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' *dim.*

sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' *dim.*

sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes and af - fec - tions, Re - *f cresc.*

venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all! *rit.*

THE BLATHERSKITE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Och, _____

nev - er give your whole heart up take it from one that knows! _____ The

first may seem a gool-die, but the se - cond's like a rose, And _____

Words used by permission of the publisher, Mitchell Kennerly.

cresc.

kiss - in' still is kiss - in' lad, from An - trim down to Clare, — And the

world is full of wom - en so the div - el take the care!

mf

Aye, — kiss a - way their

tears, me lad, and hold them at a song; — The heart that's lov - in'

light - est is the heart that's lov - in' long! So

leave the gerri be - yont the hill, and greet the one a -

bove — Och, — don't be lov - in' wom - en, lad, but

cresc. *rit.*

just try lov - in' Love!

rit.

BARNEY O'HEA

SAMUEL LOVER

SAMUEL LOVER

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With spirit

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Now
2. I

let me a-lone tho' I know you won't, I know you won't, I know you won't,
hope you're not go-ing to Ban-don fair, to Ban-don fair, to Ban-don fair, For in-

mf

Let me a-lone tho' I know you won't, Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
deed I'm not want-ing to meet you there, Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! — *LH*

f

It makes me out-ra-geous When you're so con-ta-gious, And you'd
For Cor-ney's at Cork, And my broth-er's at work, — And my

mf

rit. *a tempo*

bet-ter look out for the stout Cor-ney Creagh, For he is the boy that be-
moth-er sits spin-ning at home all the day, So no one will be there of poor

rit. *a tempo*

f

lieves I'm his joy, So you'd bet-ter be-have your-self, Bar-ney O' Hea,
me to take care, So I hope you won't fol-low me, Bar-ney O' Hea,

Im-pu-dent Bar-ney, None of your blar-ney,
Im-pu-dent Bar-ney, None of your blar-ney,

Red. *

f *mf*

Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, — Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! —
Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, — Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!

mf

3. But as I was walk - ing up
4. He knew 'twas all right when he

Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, Just
saw me smile, he saw me smile, he saw me smile, For

who do you think that my - self should meet But im - pu - dent Bar - ney O' Hea! —
he is the rogue up to ev - 'ry wile, Im - pu - dent Bar - ney O' Hea! — *L.H.*

mf

He said I look'd kill - in'; I called him a vil - lain, And
He coar'd me to choose him, For if I re - fused him, He

bid him that min-ute get out of my way; He said I was jok-ing, And
swore he'd kill Cor-ney the ver-y next day, So for fear 'twould go fur-ther, And

rit. *a tempo*

grinn'd so pro-vok-ing I could not help laugh-ing with Bar-ney O' Hea.
just to save mur-ther I think I must mar-ry that mad-cap O' Hea.

f

Im - pu-dent Bar-ney, He has the blar-ney,
Both-er-ing Bar-ney, 'Tis he has the blar-ney, To

Red. *

Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, — Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! —
make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea, — To make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea! —

f

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "My lodging, it is on the cold ground"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato e graziosamente

VOICE

1. Be - lieve me if all those en -
2. It is not while beau - ty and

PIANO

mf

con Pedale

dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to
youth are thine own, And thy cheek un-pro-faned by a tear, That the

change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee, more

way, _____ Thou wouldst still be a-dored as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy
 dear! _____ Oh! the heart that has tru-ly loved nev-er for-gets, But as

love-li-ness fade as it will, _____ And a-round the dear ru-in each
 tru-ly loves on to the close; _____ As the sun-flow-er turns on her

wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still. _____
 god when he sets, The same look that she turn'd when he rose. _____
 (gave) _____ L.H.

BRIGHT DARLING OF MY HEART

(A MHUIRNIN GEAL MO CHROIDHE)

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

First system of piano accompaniment, marked *mf*. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Second system, featuring the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are:

1. The braes they are a - flame with whin, The glens with flow'rs re -

2. For whins may flame, and flow'rs may bloom, And sun_ flood hill and

Third system, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

joice; In ev - 'ry bush a glad - some bird Lifts

plain, And birds on ev - 'ry bough may sing, "Sweet

Fourth system, concluding the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

up - a tune - ful voice. Yet whin, and flow'r, and

sum - mer's come - a - gain;" While I shall shiv - er

bon-ny bird, And each sweet mel - o - dy, But adds an ache to
for the chill That holds the heart of me - My Sun has set, - my

my sore heart, ^{*)} A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe!
Sum-mer fled, A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe!

3. You were my cher - ish'd.

Flow'r of Flow'rs, You were my War - bler sweet, You were my Sun of

^{*)} Pronounced: *Avurn-yeen gal mo chree.* O, bright darling of my heart.

sum - mer, kind, You were my World com - plete. But the Flow'r has with - er'd

on the brae, The Bird has quit the tree, And all my world to

dim. e rit.
win - ter worn, A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhel

dim. e rit. *a tempo*

p
4. O sad to think those eyes don't light, And

a tempo *poco rit.* *p*

I,—your Heart, so near.

'Tis sore that I should call, and call, And

you re-fuse to hear!

But sleep, ^{a - ruin,} for sure 'tis Night: And
(my dear)

soon glad Dawn shall be,—

When lips will meet and souls will greet, A

e rit.
mhuir-nin geal mo chroidhel—

e rit.

p

pp

A BROKEN SONG

MOIRA O'NEILL

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

p

Och, where am I

PIANO

p

from? From the green hills of E - rin. Then have I no say? My

songs are all sung, An' what o' my love? 'Tis a - lone I am

rit.

fair-in'. For old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

rit.

a tempo

mf *cresc.*

An' if she was tall? Like a

King's own daugh-ter. An' if she was fair? Like a morn-in' o'

accel.

May. Och, whin she'd come laugh-in' 'Twas the run-nin' wa-ther, An'

f

when she'd come blush-in' 'Twas the break—o' day.

p slower

Och, where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my

p slower

dwell-in' An' who loved her best?

There's no one now will

know.

Oh, where is she gone? Och, why would I be tell-in!

For

where she is gone

There I can nev - er go.

BY THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

mf

By the Lakes of Kil-lar-ney one

PIANO

mf

mf

morn-ing in May On my pipe of green hol-ly I war-bled a-way, While a

black-bird high up on the ar-bu-tus tree Gave back my gay mu-sic with

L.H.

gush-es of glee; When my Ei-leen's voice stole From the thick-et of hol-ly And

cresc.

cresc.



turn'd just the whole Of our flirt - ing to fol - ly; And soft - ly a - long Through the

p

myr - tle and heath - er The maid and her song Swept up - on us to - geth - er.

rit.

'Twas an old I - rish tale full of

mf

pas - sion - ate trust Of two faith - ful lov - ers long laid in the dust, And her

eyes. as she sang look'd so far, far a-way, She went by-me, nor knew she went

L.H.

by where I lay. And my - self and the grass And the dee-shy red dai - sies Should

cresc.

*Red. **

let our love pass, On-ly whis-p'ring her prais-es; While the lass and her lay Through the

myr - tle and heath - er Like a dream died a-way, O'er the moun - tain to- geth - er.

THE CURSE OF MORA

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Airs:
 "The Blind Beggar of the Glen"
 and "The Yellow Blanket"
 Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Misterioso

mf

VOICE

The fret-ted fires of Mo-ra Blew o'er him in the night, He

PIANO

*mf**cresc.*

thrills no more at lov-ing, Nor weeps for lost de - light. For when those flames have

cresc.

bit-ten Both joy and grief take flight; For_ when those flames have

dim.

bit - ten Both joy and grief take flight.

mf *meno mosso*

A - - round his path the

dim. *meno mosso*

shad - ows Stalk ev - er grim and high: Spears flash in hands long

with - er'd, And dent - ed shields give cry; Or mist - y wo - man -

fa - ces Laugh out and pass him by; Or - mist - y wo - man -

cresc. f

fa - ces Laugh out and pass him by.

dim. e rit.

p

mp Tempo I

He hears the wild Green Harp - er Chant

mp

sotto voce

sweet a fair - y rune, And through the sleep - ing si - lence, His

p

feet must track the tune. *cresc.* When the world is barr'd and

speck-led With sil-ver of the moon, When the world is barr'd and

speck-led With sil-ver of the moon. *rit.*

rit.

mf *meno mosso* Thus is he doom'd till Judg-ment Al-

dim. e rit. *meno mosso mf*

though the cairn should hold His fe-ver'd heart in qui-et, And

hide his hair of gold, His soul shall wan-der

seek-ing, And its quest be nev-er told, For his

soul shall wan-der seek-ing, And its quest be nev-er told.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

37

Translated from the Irish by
P. W. Joyce, L.L.D.

^{*)} Irish Air.
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef, starting on a whole note G4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical markings such as *mf*, *rit.* (ritardando), and *a tempo*. The lyrics are: 'One morn - ing ear - ly as I walk'd forth By the mar - gin of ^{**)} Lough Lene The sun - shine dress'd the trees in green, And sum - mer bloom'd a - gain, I'. The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated chords, block chords, and moving lines in both hands.

mf

rit. *a tempo*

One morn - ing ear - ly as I walk'd forth By the

mar - gin of ^{**)} Lough Lene The sun - shine dress'd the

trees in green, And sum - mer bloom'd a - gain, I

^{*)} As collected by Charlotte Milligan Fox.

^{**)} Lough Lene is the old name of the Lower and Middle Lake of Killarney.

left the town and wan - der'd on Through fields all green and

gay; And_ who should I meet but my Cool - een Dhas, By the

dawn - ing of the day.

No_ cap or cloak this_

• Cooleen Dhas means: Pretty, fair-haired maiden.

maid - en wore, Her neck and feet were bare. Down

cresc.

to the grass in ring - lets fell Her glos - sy gold - en

hair. A milk - ing-pail was in her hand, She was

cresc.

love - ly young and gay; She bore the palm from-

f

Ve - nus bright, By the dawn - ing of the day.

mf
On a moss - y bank I sat me down With this

maid - en by my side; With gen - tle words I

court - ed her, And ask'd her for my bride. She

said, "Young man, don't bring me blame, But let me go a -

way, For morn - ing's light is shin - ing bright, By the

dawn - ing of the day."

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

*.) An extension of three lines sung by an old woman of Ballisodare.

eas - - y, as the leaves grow on the tree; But

I, be-ing young and fool - - ish, with her did not a -

gree. In a

field by the riv - er my love and I did stand, And

on my lean-ing shoul- - der she placed her snow-white

hand. She bid me take life eas- - y as the

cresc.

cresc.

grass grows on the weirs; But I was young and

fool-ish, and now am full of tears.

dim. e rit.

dim. e rit.

p

pp

45

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE

PIANO

long_____ roll of the a - ges end And the days of time are

done The Lord shall un - to E - rin send His—

own ap - point - ed One, Whose soul must wait the__

hour of Fate, His name be known to none; But his

ff feet shall stand on the I - rish land In the ris - ing of the sun. *allargando*

f 2. In —
3. O —

dim. dark - ness of our cap - tive night Whilst storms the watch - tow'r
per - fect, pure, ex - - alt - ed One, For — whom in pray'r we

cresc.

shake, wait, Some shall not sleep, but vi - gil keep Un -
Of I - rish born thou hap - piest son And

dim.

til the morn - ing break; Un - til through clouds of
no - blest of the great; As - night to noon goes -

threat - ning hate, And - seas of sor - row o'er, The
swift and soon, May - years now roll a - way And

ff *allargando*

first red beam of the sun - burst gleam Il - lu - mines E - rin's shore.
bring the hour of thy con - qu'ring pow'r And the dawn - ing - of the day.

ff *sfz*

FAREWELL TO SLIEV MORNA

GEORGE DARLEY (1795-1846)

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE

PIANO

Moderato

mf *p*

Fare -

cresc.

well to Sliev Mor-na, The hills of the winds! Where the hunt-ers of

f *mf*

Ul - lin, Pur - sue the brown hinds! Fare - well to Loch

dim. e rit.

Ern where the wild ea - gles dwell! Fare - well to Shan -

dim. e rit.

f

a - von, Shan - a - von, fare - well!

f *a tempo*

mf

Fare - well to our cas - tles, Our oak blaz - ing—

mf

cresc. ed accel.

halls, Where the red fox is—prowl - ing A - lone in the

cresc. ed accel.

Tempo I

walls! Fare-well to the joys of the harp— and the shell, Fare-

dim. e rit.

well to *) I - er - né, I - er - né, fare - well!

dim. e rit.

*) Ierné: — ancient name for Ireland.

FOR IRELAND

51

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE *Moderato*

PIANO *mf*

mf

A

fierce flame burnt, at — boy-hood's dawn, with — in my ten — der — breast, Im —

mf

cresc.

pas-sion'd love my — soul con-sumed for — Moth-er-land op — prest. Her —

f

glo-ries gilt my wak-ing hours, her — woes my dreams o'er — cast; And the

f

love that fed my heart's first fire, please God, shall light my last.

rit.

There's

mf

a tempo

mf

not a lit - tle bell that blows in Ire - land's dew - y glens, There's

mf

not a sa - gan waves a spear a - bove her man - y fens, There's

mp

mp

not a ti - ny blade of grass on — all her thou - sand —

hills But — this fond breast with — ten - der love to — o - ver - flow - ing —

fills.

mf with devotion (a little slower)
O Ire - land, for your ho - ly sake I'll —

joy - ful bear all — pain. To your high cause I — con-se-crate my —

f

heart, my hand, my — brain. If — life and strife a - vail me not to —

3

save that soul one — sigh, Then, — crown-ing joy, in — your proud name let —

allargando
3
ff

allargando
3
ff

one un-worth - y — die. —

3
dim.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "Gramachree"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE

PIANO

Moderato

mf

con Pedale

mf

The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As

if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of — for- mer days, So

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now

feel that pulse no more.

No. more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra

swells, The chord a-lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in

tells. Thus Free - dom now so - sel - dom wakes; The

on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in -

dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air "Sly Patrick"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

1. Has
2. Has

poco rit.

sor - row thy young days shad - - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing
love to that soul - so ten - - der Been like our La - ge - nian

a tempo
p

con Pedale

fleet? _____ Too fast have those young days fad - - ed, That
mine, _____ Where spar - kles of gold - en splen - - dor, All

cresc.

e - ven in sor - row were sweet. Does time with his cold - wing
o - ver the sur - - face shine? But if in pur - suit we go

L.H.

cresc.

dim.

with - - er Each feel - ing that once - - was dear? Come,
deep - - er, Al - lured by the gleam - that shone, Ah!

dim.

rit.

child of mis - for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear - - for tear. - -
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore - - is gone. - -

rit.

p

3. Has
4. If—

mf

poco rit.

Hope, like the bird in the sto - - ry, That flit - ted from tree to
thus the sweet hours have fleet - - ed, When sor - row her-self look'd

a tempo
p

tree, _____ With the tal - is-man's glit - t'ring glo - - ry, Has
bright; _____ If— thus the fond hope— has cheat - - ed, That

cresc.

Hope been that bird to thee? On branch aft-er branch a -
 led thee a - long so light, If thus the un-kind world

L.H.

cresc.

dim.

light - - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, And when
 with - - er Each feel-ing that once was dear, Come,

dim.

rit.

near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way.
 child of mis-for-tune! come hith - er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

rit.

THE HEATHER GLEN

GEORGE SIGERSON

Irish Air

"The brown little Mallet"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto grazioso

mf

VOICE

PIANO

1. There

2. There

blooms a bon-nie flow-er, Up the heath-er—glen; Tho'
sings a bon-nie lin-net, Up the heath-er—glen; The

bright in sun, in show-er, 'Tis just as bright a-gain. I
voice has ma-gic in it, Too sweet for mor-tal men! It

nev-er can pass by it, I nev-er dare go-nigh it, My
brings joy down be-fore us, With win-some mel-low-cho-rus, But

heart it won't be qui-et, Up the heath-er glen. Sing O, the bloom-ing
flies too far, far o'er us, Up the heath-er glen.

heath-er, O, the heath-er glen! Where fair-est fair-ies gath-er To

lure in mor-tal men. I nev-er can pass by it, I nev-er dare go

nigh it, My heart it won't be qui-et, Up the heath-er glen.

3. O, might I pull that

flow - er Bloom - ing in the - glen, — No sor - rows that could

low - er Would make me — sad a - gain! And might I catch that

lin - net, My heart — my hope are — in it! O, heav'n it - self I'd

mf

mp *sfz* *sfz* *mf*

legato

3

Refrain

win it, Up the heath-er glen. Sing— O, the bloom-ing

heath-er, O, the heath-er glen! Where fair-est fair-ies gath-er To

cresc.

lure in mor-tal men. I nev-er can pass by it, I nev-er dare go

cresc.

poco rit.

nigh it, My heart it won't be qui-et, Up the heath-er glen.

a tempo

poco rit.

a tempo

Fin. *

I HEARD IN THE NIGHT THE PIGEONS

PADRAIC COLUM

 Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato, con molto tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

I

heard in the night the pi - geons A - stir with - in their nests The

wild pi-geons' stir was ten - der Like a child's hand at the breast.

cresc.

I — cried, "O stir no

more! (My — breast was touch'd of tears —) O — pi — geons, make no

rit.

stir — A — child — less wo — man hears." —

rit.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING

GERALD GRIFFIN

Irish Air: "The Mountains High"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Brightly

PIANO *mf*

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

mf

I love my love in the morn - ing, For

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, then enters with the lyrics 'I love my love in the morn - ing, For'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and chords in the treble. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

she, like morn, is fair, Her blush - ing cheek its

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'she, like morn, is fair, Her blush - ing cheek its'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both staves.

crim - son streak, Its clouds, her gold - en hair; Her

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes the phrase with 'crim - son streak, Its clouds, her gold - en hair; Her'. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes and chords in the treble.

glance, its beam, so soft and kind, Her tears, its dew - y

show's; And her voice, the ten - der whis - p'ring wind That

rit.

stirs the ear - ly bow'rs.

a tempo

mf

mf

I love my love in the morn - ing, I

mf

love my love at— noon; For she is bright as the lord of light, Yet—

mild as au-tumn's moon. Her beau-ty is my bos-om's sun, Her

faith my fos-t'ring shade, And I will love my dar-ling one Till

e'en the sun shall fade. I

love my love in the morn - ing, I love my love at ev'n; Her

smile's soft play is like the ray That lights the west-ern heav'n. I

loved her when the sun was high, I loved her when she rose, But

best of all when eve - ning's sigh Was mur - m'ring at its close.

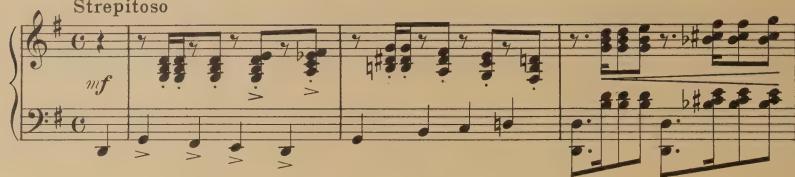
I LOVE THE DIN OF BEATING DRUMS

SEOSAMH Mac CATHMHAOIL
(Joseph Campbell)

Limerick Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Strepitoso

PIANO



f

I love the din of beat - - ing drums, The

bel - low - ing pipe, — the shriek - ing fife, The dis - cord — and the

dis - - so - nance is My blood, my breath, my — life! Then a -

way with flutes and dan - cing lutes, Such mu - sic likes but lov - ers'

ears; Give me the beat - ing bat - - tle - drum, — The

gun - peal and the cheers! The — bel - l'wing pipe and

bat - tle - drum, — The gun - peal and the cheers!

rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo* *ff* with breadth *rit.* *ff*

IF I WERE KING OF IRELAND

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

My love's a match in beau - ty For

ev - 'ry flow'r that blows. Her lit - tle ear's a

lil - y, Her vel - vet cheek a rose; Her

locks like gil - ly - gow - ans Hang gold - en to her

poco rit. *a tempo with breadth* *rit.*
knee. If I were King of Ire - land, My Queen she'd sure - ly

be.
mf a tempo

mf
Her eyes are fond for - get - me-nots, And no such snow is

seen Up - on the heav - ing haw - thorn bush As -

crests her bod - ice green. The thrush - es when she's

talk - ing Sit - lis - t'ning on the tree. If -

poco rit. *a tempo with breadth*

I were King of Ire - land My Queen she'd sure - ly be.

f *rit.* *rit.* *f*

THE LARK IN CLEAR AIR

77

Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON

Irish Air: "Kathleen Nowlan"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked Moderato. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melody in D major, marked *mf*. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first line of the song is in 3/4 time. The vocal melody is in D major, marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: "Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my".

The second line of the song continues the melody. The vocal melody is in D major, marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: "soul soars en - chant - ed, As I hear the sweet lark".

The third line of the song continues the melody. The vocal melody is in D major, marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: "sing in the clear air of the day. For a". The piece concludes with a *poco accel.* marking.

ten - der, beam - ing smile to my hope - has - been -

grant - ed, And to - mor - row she shall hear all my

fond heart would - say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my

rit. *3*

rit. *3*

a tempo

mf *cresc.* *3*

cresc. *3*

soul's a - do - ra - tion, And I think she will hear

me, and will not say me nay. It is this that gives my

poco accel.

soul all its joy - ous e - la - tion, As I

hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

Ped.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Groves of Blarney"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Andante con espress.

PIANO

*mp*

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To

mp

bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
 pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are

dim.

pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No
 sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with them. Thus

dim.

cresc. e rit.

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
kind - ly I'll scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the

cresc. e rit.

a tempo

nigh To re - flect back her blush - es, Or
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie

a tempo

rit.

give sigh for sigh.
scent - less and dead.

delicato

mp a tempo

rit.

3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de -

mf

con Pedale

cay; And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The

gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie

rit. a poco
with - er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in -

rit. a poco

dim. e rit.
hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

dim. e rit.

Red.

THE LEPREHAUN

P. W. JOYCE, LL.D.

Irish Air, recorded by Dr. P. W. Joyce
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto leggiero

VOICE

PIANO

mp

1. In a
2. With

sha - dy nook one moon-light night, A lep - re-haun I spied; _____ With
tip - toe step and beat-ing heart, Quite soft - ly I drew nigh; _____ There was

mp

scar - let cap and coat of green; A cru-is-keen by his side. _____ 'Twas
mis - chief in his mer - ry face, A twin - kle in his eye. _____ He

Leprehaun: A weeny and roguish fairy full of merry tricks, hard to catch and harder to hold. If caught he will show you where treasure is hid or give you a purse of gold, but if you take your eyes off him he's gone in an instant.

tick - - tack - tick, his ham - mer went, Up - on a ween - y
ham-mer'd and sang with ti - ny voice, And drank his moun - tain

shoe; And I laugh'd to think of a purse of gold; But the
dew; And I laugh'd to think he was caught at last: But the

fair - y was laugh - ing too! _____
fair - y was laugh - ing too! _____

3. As quick as thought I

seized the elf; "Your fair - y purse," I cried,—"The purse!" he said, "'tis

in her hand—That la - dy at your side!" I turn'd to look: the

elf was off, Then what was I to do? O, I laugh'd to think what a

fool I'd been; And the fair - y was laugh - ing too! —

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY

FRANCIS A. FAHY

Irish Air: "The Little Stalk of Barley"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

PIANO

mf

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Con moto' and 'PIANO'. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in a key of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a half note F3. The piece concludes with a final chord of G3-B3-D4.

mf

1. Oh, 'tis lit-tle Ma-ry Cas-si-dy's the cause of all my mis-e-ry, The
2. 'Twas at the dance at Dar-mo-dy's that first I caught a sight of her, And

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that mirrors the vocal line. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is 6/8.

rai-son that I am not now the boy I used to be; Oh, she
heard her sing an I-rish song till tears came in my eyes; And—

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and melody in the right hand. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is 6/8.

bates the beau-ties all that we read a-bout in his-to-ry, Sure
ev-er since that bless-ed hour I'm dream-ing day and night of her, The

staccato

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and melody in the right hand. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is 6/8. The word 'staccato' is written below the piano part.

a tempo cresc.

rit.

half the coun-try-side's as lost for her as me, Tra-vel Ire-land up and down, hill—
div'l a wink of sleep I get from bed to rise. Her— cheek the rose in June, her—

rit. *a tempo cresc.*

vil-lage, vale and town, Girl like my Col-leen dhoun— you'll be
song the lark in tune; Work-ing, rest-ing, night or noon, she nev-er

look-ing for in vain: Oh, I'd rath-er live in pov-er-ty with
laves my mind; Oh, till sing-ing by my cab-in fire sits

rit.

lit-tle Ma-ry Cas-si-dy Than Em-per-or with-out her be o'er Ger-ma-ny or Spain.
lit-tle Ma-ry Cas-si-dy, 'Tis lit-tle aise or hap-pi-ness I'm sure I'll ev-er find.

rit. *a tempo*

^{a)} Brown-haired girl

mf
3. What is

wealth or what is fame, or what is all that peo - ple fight a - bout, To the

kind - ness of her kiss - es, or the glan - cing of her eye? Oh, though

trou - bles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right - a - bout, If I

rit. *a tempo*

thought the cur - ly head would nes - tle there, by'n - bye. Take all I own to-day, Kith,

rit. *a tempo*

kin, and care a-way, Ship them all a-cross the say, or to the

cresc.

fro - zen zone, Lave me here an or - phan bare, but oh,

cresc.

rit.

lave me Ma - ry Cas - si - dy, I niv - er would feel lone - some with the two of us a - lone.

L.H. *rit.*

THE LITTLE RED LARK

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

 Irish Air: "The little red lark of the mountain"
 Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto *mf*

VOICE

PIANO

mf

rit. a tempo

1. O
2. The

La *✱*

swan of slen-der-ness Dove of ten-der-ness Jew-el of joys— a -
 dawn is dark to me, Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I

mf

cresc.

rise! The lit-tle red lark, Like a soar-ing spark Of
 pray! And out of thy hid-ing With blush-es glid-ing,

cresc.

song, to his sun - burst flies. But till thou'rt ris - en
Daz - zle me with thy day. Ah, then once more to thee

Earth is a pris - on Full of my lone - some
Fly - ing I'll pour to thee Pas - sion so sweet and

sighs; Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To thy fond lov - er The
gay, The lark shall lis - ten, And dew - drops glis - ten,

morn of thy match - less eyes. spray.
Laugh - ing on ev - 'ry

LOVE IS CRUEL, LOVE IS SWEET

THOMAS MacDONAGH

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Molto moderato

VOICE *mf* Love

PIANO *mf*

— is cru - el, love is sweet, — Lov - ers sigh till lov - ers meet, —

Sigh and meet, and sigh a - gain, — Cru - el sweet! O sweet - est pain! —

rit.

Cru-el sweet! O sweet-est pain!

rit. *mp* *a tempo*

mf *p*

Love— is blind, but love is sly,—

p

f *dim.*

Thoughts are bold, but words are shy,— Bold and shy,— and bold a - gain—

f *dim.*

rit.

Sweet is bold-ness, shy-ness pain, — Sweet is bold-ness, shy-ness pain.

rit.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Old Woman"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto *mf* >

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

1. Oh! the
2. Tho' the
3. No, that

days are gone when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's past; Tho' he
hal - low'd form is ne'er for - got Which first love traced; Still it

poco rit. *a tempo*

dream of life from morn till night Was love, still love; New
win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll
lin - g'ringhaunts the green - est spot On mem - 'rys waste; 'Twas

poco rit. *a tempo*

hope may bloom and days may come Of mild - er, calm - er
nev - er meet a joy so sweet, In all his noon of
o - dor fled as soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed

cresc.

beam; But there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As
fame; 'As when first he sang to wom - an's ear His
dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On

love's young dream, No, there's noth - ing half so
soul - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she
life's dull stream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can

f

sweet in life As love's young dream. —
blush'd to hear The one loved name. —

life's dull stream. —

dim. e rit. *p*

1 & 2 rit. *D.C.* *3. rit.*

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

Words and Music by
SAMUEL LOVER
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. When
2. In
3. Sweet
4. I'd

first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket
bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y
Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and
rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my

day; A low - back'd car she drove, and sat Up -
Mars, With hos - tile scythes de - mands his tithes Of
geese, But the scores of hearts she slaugh - ters By
side, Than coach - and - four, and gold ga - lore And a

on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
 death, in war - like cars. But Peg - - gy, peace - ful
 far out - num - ber these; While she a - mong her
 la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit for -

bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
 god - - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That
 poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle - dove, Well
 ninst me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While

flow'r was there that could com - pare, To the bloom - ing girl I
 knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they
 worth the cage, I do en - gage, Of the bloom - ing god of
 Peg - gy would sit be - side me, With my arm a - round her

rit. *a tempo*

sing! _____ As she sat in her low - back'd car, The
fly; _____ While she sits in her low - back'd car, Than
love! _____ While she sits in her low - back'd car, The
waist: _____ As we drove in her low - back'd car, To be

man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er ask'd for the toll, But just
bat - tle more dan - g'rous far, For the doc - tor's art Can - not
lov - ers come near and far, And en - vy the chick - en That
mar - ried by Fa - ther Maher, Oh, my heart would beat high At her

> rall. *a tempo*

rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car.
cure _____ the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car.
Peg - gy is pick-in' While she sits in her low - back'd car.
glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - back'd car.

> rall. *a tempo*

MAURA DHU OF BALLYSHANNON

99

CHARLES P. O'CONOR

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE

Moderato

PIANO

p

1. Mau - ra

dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra dhu, my flow'r of

flow - ers! Can you hear me there out sea - ward, Call-ing

* Maura dhu = Mary dear.

back — the by-gone hours? *cresc.* Mau - ra dhu, my own, my hon - ey!

With wild pas-sion still a - glow, — *f* I am sing - ing you the

old songs — That I sung — you long a - go, — *molto rit.* long a -

go! *a tempo*

p *dim.*

mp

2. Mau - ra dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra
 3. Mau - ra dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra

mp

dhu, the day is drear; Ah, the night is long and
 dhu, when winds blow south, I will with the birds fly

cresc.

wear - y Far a - way from you, my dear! Mau - ra
 home - ward, There to kiss your I - rish mouth. Mau - ra

cresc.

f

dhu, my own, my hon - ey! Still let winds blow high or
 dhu, my own, my hon - ey! When time is no long - er

f

low, _____ I must sing to you the
 foe, _____ By your side I'll sing the

old old songs That I sung you long a -
 old old songs That I sung you long a -

go, _____ long a - - go!
 go, _____ long a - - go!

molto rit. *a tempo*

dim. *pp* *pp*

2d verse last verse

MAY EVE

103

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato ma non troppo

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes, and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed above the first measure of the treble staff.

mp

1. There's a cry - ing at my win - dow, and a
2. You would not heed my call - ing once, and

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues with a treble and bass staff. It features a melody in the treble and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass. A mezzo-piano dynamic marking 'mp' is placed above the first measure of the treble staff.

hand up - on my door, And a stir a - mong the
now why would I hear? You would not hold my

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with a treble and bass staff. It features a melody in the treble and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass.

yar - row that's fad - ing on the floor: The
wist - ful hand, but let it fall, my dear: You

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues with a treble and bass staff. It features a melody in the treble and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass.

voice cries at my win - dow, the hand at my door beats
would not_ give me word or look, but went_ your si - lent

on, But if I heed and an - swer them, sure, hand and voice are
way, Oh, "wir - ra - sthru, dumb mouth of you, that had so_ much to

dim. e rit.

gone.
say.

p

a tempo

p

3. Be_ still, my dear: I heed, I_ hear, but can - not_ help you

mp

*) Wirrasthru = Pity, alas.

now; The— rose is dead that was so red, and—

snow's — up - on her bough. — Be — still, be — still a

lit - tle while, for — I shall sure - ly come, — And kiss the sor - row

from your eyes, and from your kind lips dumb. —

cresc. f *tenerzza*

rit. *molto rit.* *p* *pp*

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE

a)
Irish Air: "The Moreen"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE

PIANO

Moderato

mf

1. The min - strel boy to the
2. The min - strel fell but the

war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
foe - man's chain, Could not bring that proud soul

mf

find him; His fa - ther's sword he has
un - der; The harp he loved nev - er

gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

a) *Moirin*, diminutive of *Mor* or *Moria*, a girl's name.

cresc.

hind — him. “Land of song,” said the
sun — der; And said, “No chains shall —

cresc.

cresc. f

war — rior bard, “Tho’ all the world be —
sul — ly thee, Thou soul of love and

cresc. f

trays — thee, One sword at least thy
bra — ver — y! Thy tones were made for the

sfz

And rall.

rights shall guard, One — faith — ful harp — shall praise — thee!”
pure and free, They shall nev — er sound — in sla — ver — y!”

rall.

MO BOUCHALEEN BWEE

(MY YELLOW-HAIRED LAD)

NORA HOPPER

Irish Air: "Coulin Dhas"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." It is a two-staff score. The top staff is for the VOICE and the bottom staff is for the PIANO. The tempo is marked "Moderato" and the key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a key signature change from C major to F# major. The voice part has two verses: "1. Mo" and "2. Most". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score is written on aged, yellowed paper.

THE ROSE TREE

VOICE

PIANO

Moderato

mp

1. Mo
2. Most

* Bouch - a - leen bwee, and mo Bouch - a - leen bwee, It's
 dear and most green are the fair hills of E - ri, But on

cresc.

I would go with you wher - ev - er you be; I'd
steep - er hill - sides my feet would not wear - y; My

climb the high hills, and I'd sail the salt sea If
feet on the ice and the snow-field might be If

dim.
I might go with you, mo Bouch - a - leen bwée, I'd
you climb'd be - side me, mo Bouch - a - leen bwée, My

dim.

climb the high hills and I'd sail the salt sea If
feet on the ice and the snow-field might be If

cresc.

cresc.

dim. e rit.
I might go with you, mo Bouch - a - leen bwée.
you climb'd be - side me, mo Bouch - a - leen bwée.

dim. e rit.

mf

3. If
4. With

a tempo

mf

you were in ex - ile, what - ev - er winds blew, It's
sor - row be - fore and with dan - ger be - hind, I'd

I would be house - less and home - less with you; My
fol - low you, heed - ing nor weath - er nor wind; So

breast for your fair head a pil - low should be, And my
kind and so faith - ful and pa - tient I'd be, If

heart for your cas - tle, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee! My—
I might go with you, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee! So—

breast for your fair head a pil - low should be, And my
kind and so faith - ful and pa - tient I'd be, If—

cresc.

3d Verse

heart for your cas - tle, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee!

rit.

last Verse

I might go with you, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee!

rit.

f

pp

MY LITTLE KERRY COW

W. M. LETTS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

PIANO

mf

1. It's in Con - nact or in Mun - ster your - self might trav - el
2. If her - self went to the cat - tle fairs she'd put all cows to

wide, And be ask - ing all the herds you'd meet a - long the coun - try -
shame, For the fin - est po - ets of the land would meet to sing her -

side, But you'd nev - er meet a one could show the likes of her till
fame; And the young girls would be ask - ing leave to stroke her sat - in

poco rit.

now, Where she's graz - ing in a Lein - ster field, my
coat, They'd be prais - ing and ca - ress - ing her, and

poco rit.

lit - tle Ker - ry cow, *a tempo*
call - ing her a dote.

mf

Red.

mf *cresc.*
3. If the King of Spain gets news of her he'll fill his purse with gold, And

cresc.

✱

sail to ask the Eng - lish King where she is to be sold: But the

King of Spain may come to me, a crown up - on his

brow, It is he may keep his gold - en - purse and

poco rit.

I my Ker - ry cow.

a tempo

4. There are red cows that's con - tra - ry, and there's

mf

white cows quare and wild, But my Ker - ry cow is

bid - da - ble an' gen - tle as a child. And the paint - ers will be

paint - ing her be - neath the haw - thorn bough, Where she's

poco rit.

graz - ing on the good green grass, my lit - tle Ker - ry cow.

Red

*

MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air: "Coola Shore"

*) Arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford

Allegretto con moto

PIANO *p*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a half note A4-B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note B3, a half note C4-D4, and a quarter note E4. The piece is marked 'Allegretto con moto' and 'piano'.

p legato

My— love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of

legato

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked 'p legato' and includes the lyrics 'My— love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'legato' and provides harmonic support for the vocal line. The key signature remains B-flat major and the time signature is 3/4.

Lene, So— slen - der and— shape - ly In her gir - dle of

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'Lene, So— slen - der and— shape - ly In her gir - dle of'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar harmonic pattern. The key signature and time signature are consistent with the previous section.

cresc. green. And I meas - ure The— pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire—

f

cresc. *f*

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'green. And I meas - ure The— pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire—'. The piano accompaniment is marked with 'cresc.' and 'f' (forte), indicating a crescendo and a strong dynamic. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

*) The editor has made a few slight changes.

*dim.**rall.*

sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch-ing

*dim.**rall.*

screen.

*p a tempo**p legato*

But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the

flow'r That bright - en to - geth - er The ar - bu - tus

cresc.

bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Through

cresc.

f *dim.*

sun - shine and show'r, Give me her bright lips And her

f *dim.*

rall.

laugh's pearl - y dow'r.

colla voce *a tempo*

pp

A - las, fruit and blos - som Shall lie

pp

dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers Dim your

rall.

rall.

young charms, Ma - chree. But un - ran - ging, un - chan - ging You'll

cresc.

f

cresc.

f

still cling to me, Like the ev - er - green leaf To the

dim.

p

ar - bu - tus tree.

dim.

MY FAIR LOVE LEAVING ME

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

1. My heart is heav-y night and day, my
2. Now ev - 'ry day and all night long I

PIANO

p

fair love leav - ing me, That from my path you
wear the bit - ter rue, And hear a way - ward

turn'd a - way to dwell a - mong the *) Shee. Where
fae - - ry song when I would dream of you. In

*) Shee-the fairies

none grows old and none grows cold for hope or mem - o - ry; I
all men's ears my tale is told, my grief's for all to see, Sad

dim. e rit.
am most sad while you are glad, my fair love leav - ing
for your sake I sleep and wake, my fair love leav - ing

me.
me.

a tempo

p a tempo
3. You come not e - ven to my dreams be - tween the night and day. And

p a tempo

rit.

have you drunk of fae - ry streams that wash'd your love a - way, O

rit.

cresc.

heart of gold, and left you cold as wa - ter, and as

3

free? Ah! 'wir - ra - sthree, my heart's with you, my

f

dim. e rit.

fair love leav - ing me.

dim. e rit.

rit. pp

• Wirasthree = Pity, alas.

NELLY, MY LOVE, AND ME

123

P. W. JOYCE, LL. D.

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

PIANO

mf

1. There's a beech - tree grove by the riv - er side, Sweet
 2. There's a sweet lit - tle cot - tage hard by the grove, As

scent - ed with new - mown hay; And two young peo - ple that
 white as the driv - en snow. And round the win - dows and

I know well Come and meet there ev - 'ry day. They're the
 up the wall, — Sweet pea and ros - es grow; 'Tis

hap - piest cou - ple that ev - er were born, As you may plain - ly
neat and co - sy with - in and with - out, - As you may plain - ly

poco rit. *a tempo* *rit.*
see; And - if ev - er you wish to know their names, 'Tis
see; And - that pret - ty cot - tage my fa - ther built For

a tempo
Nel - ly, my love, and me.____
Nel - ly, my love, and me.____

a tempo *D.S.*

mf

3. Be - side the cot - tage my gar - den blooms, With a hedge of sweet - bri - ar all

mf

round; — You nev - er could think of a sim - ple flow'r That in it can - not be

found. — And the flow'rs are laugh - ing like me for joy, As you may plain - ly

see; For I plant - ed them all with my own two hands, For Nel - ly, my love, and me. —

*rit.**a tempo**rit.**a tempo*

THE NINEPENNY FIDIL

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Animato' and 'mf'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The vocal melody is in 6/8 time, marked 'mf'. It consists of two lines of lyrics. The first line is '1. My fa-ther and moth-er were I-rish, And I am I-rish too; I'. The second line is '2. One pleas-ant eve in June-time I met a loch-rie-man; His'. The melody is written on a single staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song is in 6/8 time, marked 'mf'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The vocal melody is in 6/8 time, marked 'cresc.'. It consists of two lines of lyrics. The third line is 'bought a wee fi-dil for nine-pence, And it is I-rish, too. I'm'. The fourth line is 'face and hands were wea-zen, His height was not a span. He'. The melody is written on a single staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

The piano accompaniment for the third and fourth lines of the song is in 6/8 time, marked 'cresc.'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The vocal melody is in 6/8 time. It consists of two lines of lyrics. The fifth line is 'up in the morn-ing ear-ly To meet the dawn of day, And'. The sixth line is 'boor'd me for my fi-dil "You know," says he, "like you, My'. The melody is written on a single staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

The piano accompaniment for the fifth and sixth lines of the song is in 6/8 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

*) A merry little elf.

to the lint - white's pip - ing The ma-ny's the tune I play. For I'm
fa-ther and moth-er were I - rish, And I am I - rish, too!" He

up in the morn - ing ear - ly To meet the dawn, the dawn of day, And
boor'd me for my fi - dil - "You know," says he, "like you, like you, My

to the lint - white's pip - ing The ma-ny's the tune I play.
fa-ther and moth-er were I - rish, And I am I - rish too!"

1. 2.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL

FRANCIS A. FAHY

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE *Con moto*

1. Not
2. She

PIANO *mf*

far from old Kin - va - ra, in the mer - ry month of
tripp'd a - long right joy - ous - ly, a bas - ket on her

May, When birds were sing - ing cheer - i - ly, there
arm; And oh! her face; and oh! her grace, the

came a - cross my way, As if from out the
soul of saint would charm: Her brown hair rip - pled

sky a - bove an an - gel chanced to fall, A
o'er her brow, but great - est charm of all Was her

lit - tle I - rish cail - in in an ould plaid shawl, A
mod - est blue eyes beam - ing 'neath her ould plaid shawl, Her

accel.

lit - tle I - rish cail - in in an ould plaid shawl.
mod - est blue eyes beam - ing 'neath her ould plaid shawl.

rit.

a tempo

mf

3. I — cour - teous - ly — sa - lut - ed her, "God
 4. En - chant - ed with her beau - ty rare, I

save you, miss," says I, says I, "God save you, kind - ly
 gazed in pure de - light, Till round an an - gle

sir," said she, and shy - ly pass'd me by; Off
 of the road she van - ish'd from my sight; But

cresc.

went my heart a - long with her, — a cap - tive in — her
 ev - er since I sigh - ing say, — as I that scene re -

cresc.

thrall, — Im - pris - on'd in the cor - ner of her
 call, — "The grace of God a - bout — you and your

ould plaid plaid shawl; — Im - pris - on'd in — the
 ould plaid shawl; — The grace of God a -

rit.

cor - - ner of her ould plaid plaid shawl. —
 bout — you and your ould plaid shawl! —

rit.

a tempo

mf

5. Oh! some men sigh for rich - es, and
6. I'll seek her all through Gal - way, and I'll

mf

cresc.

some men live for fame, And some on his t'ry's
seek her all through Clare, I'll search for tale or

cresc.

f

pa - ges hope to win a glo - rious name: My
tid - ings of my trav - 'ler ev - 'ry - where, For

f

aims are not am - bi - tious and my wish - es are but
peace of mind I'll nev - er find un - til my own I

small, _____ You might wrap them all to - geth - er in an
call _____ That lit - tle I - rish cail - in in her

ould ould plaid shawl, _____ You might wrap them all to -
ould ould plaid shawl, _____ That lit - tle I - rish

geth - er in an ould plaid shawl. _____
cail - in in her ould plaid shawl. _____

OH! IF I WERE YON GOSSAMER

JAMES M'KOWEN

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

mp

The piano introduction is in D major, 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece begins with a piano (*mp*) dynamic.

mp

Oh! if I were yon gos - sa - mer, That's

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "Oh! if I were yon gos - sa - mer, That's". The piano accompaniment continues the harmonic support with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

trem - bling o'er the green, I know the sun - ny

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "trem - bling o'er the green, I know the sun - ny". The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure with consistent rhythmic patterns.

tress - es Where I'd hide and be un - seen. Or

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "tress - es Where I'd hide and be un - seen. Or". The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support for the line.

if I were the fit - ful wind, That wan-ders east and west, I

know a gen - tle bos-om Where I'd nes-tle me to rest.

rit.

Oh!

a tempo

mf

were I—yon marsh Ma - ry - buds With nests of ri - p'ning gold, I—

know a hand of slen - der make That should my treas - ure

hold, Or if I were the vel - vet bee, Of

leggiere

which I've heard you speak, 'Tis on your lip, fair

cresc.

Al - ice bàn, My hon - ey I would seek.

rit.

p

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

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NORA CHESSEON

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato e misterioso

VOICE

PIANO

1. Last
2. The

night, last night in the dark o' the moon In -
mu - sic call'd to my i - dle feet, And -

to my dreams slid a fair - y tune; It slew the dreams that I
O! the mu - sic was wild and sweet. I left my dreams and my

dream'd of him, With its moon - shine mu - sic faint and dim. What
lone - ly bed, And fol - low'd far where the mu - sic led, And

tune should the fair - y pi - pers play But — "O - ver the Hills and
nev - er a tune did the pi - pers play But — "O - ver the Hills and

cresc.

f

Far A-way?" What tune should the fair - y pi - pers play But —
Far A-way?" And nev - er a tune did the pi - pers play But —

molto rit. *p* *D.C.*

"O - ver the Hills and Far A-way?"
"O - ver the Hills and Far A-way?"

molto rit. *p* *al tempo*

p *faster*

3. We danced all night in a si - lent band, Si-lent

faster *p*

cresc.

I and my lov - er, — hand in hand: We danced, nor — knew till the

rit. *rit.* *a tempo*

dew — was — dry That deep slept Do - nat and lone slept I. We —

took no thought of the dawn - ing day — From "O - ver the Hills and

Far A - way:" We — took no — thought of the dawn - ing — day — From

rit.

"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way."

rit.

p *slower*

4. My—

a tempo

slower

eyes are— blind with the grow - ing— light, And O my— grief! that the

p

rit. *a tempo*

day was night, For my heart is— broke for my lov - er's— eyes, And

rit. *a tempo*

mp faster *cresc.*

all day— long in my ears there cries The—

mp faster

tune of the fair - y pipes— that play— “O - ver the Hills and

f

Far A-way.” All day long cries the tune of the fair-y pipes that play—

rit.

“O - ver the Hills and— Far A - way.”

rit. *p* *pp*

THE PASSING OF THE GAEL

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato ma non troppo

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

1. They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing from the val - leys and the
 2. They are go - ing, shy-eyed col - leens, and lads so straight and

hills, tall, They are leav - ing far be - hind them Heath - 'ry
 From the pur - ple peaks of Ker - ry, from the

moor and moun - tain rills, All the wealth of haw - thorn
crags of wild I - mall, From the green - ing plains of

hedg - es where the brown thrush sways and trills. They are
May - o and the glen of Don - e - gal. They are

go - ing, go - ing, go - ing from the val - leys and the
go - ing, shy - eyed col - leens, and lads so straight and

hills.
tall.

mf

3. Oh, — Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your road's a thorn - y

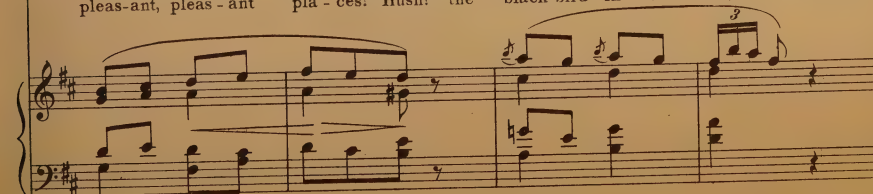
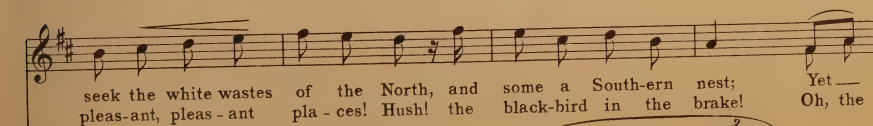
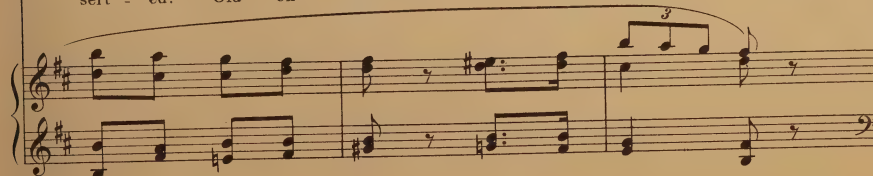
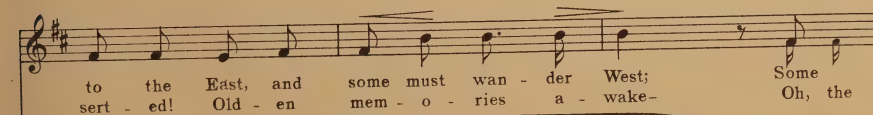
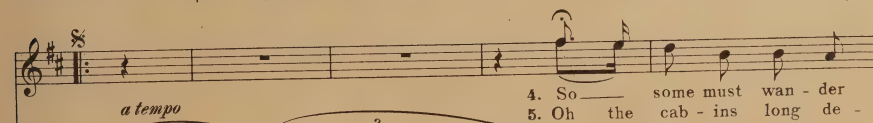
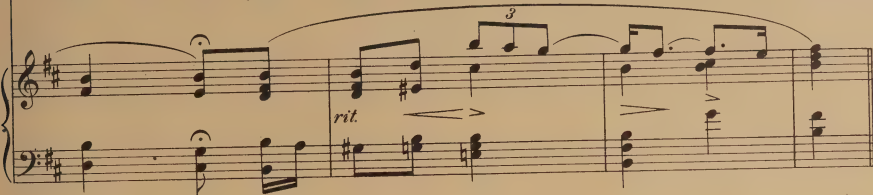
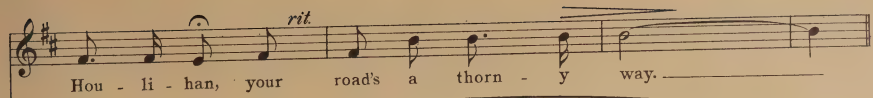
way, And 'tis a faith-ful soul would walk the flints with you for

poco accel.

aye, Would — walk the sharp and cru - el flints un -

poco accel.

til his locks grew gray. Oh, — Kath - a - leen Ni



nev - er shall they sleep as sweet as on your moth - er
 dear and kind - ly voi - ces! Now their hearts are fain to

breast. Ah, — nev - er shall they sleep as sweet as
 ache. Oh, the dear and kind - ly voi - ces! Now their

on your moth - er breast. —
 hearts are fain to ache. —

rit. *D.S.*

6. They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing and we can - not bid them

stay; The fields are now the stran-ger's where the stran-ger's cat-tle

allargando
stray. Oh — Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your ways a thorn-y

way! Oh! — Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your ways a thorn-y

way!

3 dim. e rit.

A PIPER

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

A — pi — per in the streets to-day Set

up — and tuned, and start-ed to play, And a — way, a — way, — a —

cresc.

way, — a-way, On the tide of his mu-sic we start-ed a - way. The

doors and win-dows were o - pen'd wide; And all — went dan - cing on

mu - sic's tide.

mf

The men — left down their work — and came; And

wo - men with pet - ti - coats col - or'd like flame, And

lit - tle bare feet that were blue with cold, Went dan - cing back to the

age of gold; And all the world went gay, went gay, For

half an hour in the street to-day.

L.H.

THE SEDGES

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Donegal Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

p

I whis - per'd my great sor - row To

p

ev - 'ry lis - t'ning sedge, And they bent, bow'd with my

sor - row, Down to the wa - ter's edge. But she

cresc.

stands and laughs light - ly To see me sor - row

cresc.

so, Like the light winds that laugh - ing A -

rit.

cross the wa - ter go.

rit. *a tempo*

mf

If I could tell the bright ones That

mf

qui - et heart - ed move, They would bend down like the sed - ges With the

a little faster

sor - row of love; But she stands a-laugh - ing

light - ly Who all my sor - row knows, Like the

rit.

lit - tle wind that laugh - ing A - cross the wa - ter blows.

rit.

SHULE AGRA

Old text adapted by
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Old Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato ma non troppo

VOICE *mf*

PIANO *mf*

1. His

hair was black, his eye was blue, His arm was stout, his word was true. I

wish in my heart I was with you *poco rit.* *a)* Go - thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!

poco rit.

mf a tempo

b) Shule, — shule, — shule a - gra! — On - ly death can

mf a tempo

a) Farewell, my darling *b)* Come, come, my love:

ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart, from me did go, *f* Go -

poco rit.
thee - thu, ma - your - neen slaun!

poco rit. *mf a tempo*

mf

2. I sold my rock, I sold my reel, When my
3. I wish the King would re-turn to reign, And

f

flax was spun I sold my wheel, To buy my love a sword of steel, *f* Go -
bring my true love back a - gain; I wish, and wish, but I wish in vain, *f* Go -

*poco rit.**mp a tempo*

thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slauht!
 thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slauht!

Shule, — shule, — shule a - gral —

*poco rit.**mp a tempo**Ad.*

On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from me did go. Go -

rit.

thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slauht!

*rit.**a tempo**mf*

4. I'll dye my pet-ti-coat, I'll dye it red, And

mf

cresc.

round the world I'll beg my bread, Till I find my love, a - live or dead, Go -

cresc.

poco rit. *mp a tempo*

thee - thu, ma - your-neen slaun! Shule, shule, shule a - gra!

poco rit. *mp a tempo*

On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from

cresc. *rit.*

me did go. Go - thee - thu, ma - your - neen slaun!

L.H. *sfz* *cresc.* *rit.*

SILENT, O MOYLE, BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER

(The song of Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir)

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Arrah, my dear Eveleen"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Andante maestoso

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

Si - lent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy wa-ter, Break not, ye breez-es, your

p

chain of re-pose; While mur - mur-ing mourn - ful-ly Lir's lone-ly daugh-ter

Tells to the night-star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her

death - note sing-ing, Sleep with wings in dark - ness furl'd?

cresc. *allargando*
When will Heav'n, its sweet bell-ring-ing, Call my spir-it from this

storm-y world?

f

p

Sad - ly, O Moyle, to thy win - ter wave weep-ing,

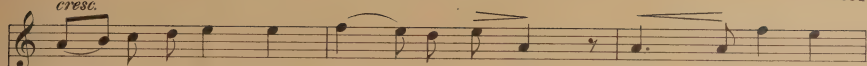
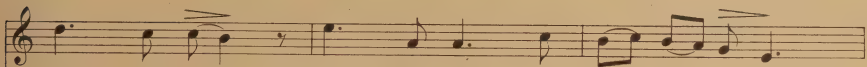
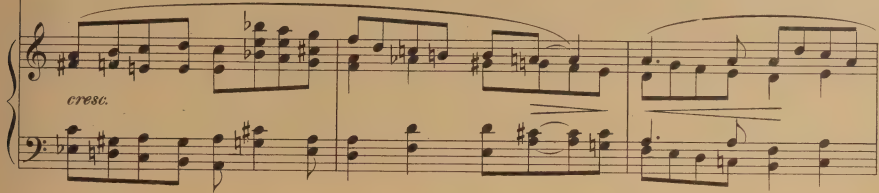
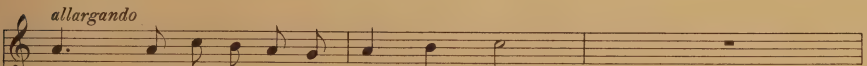
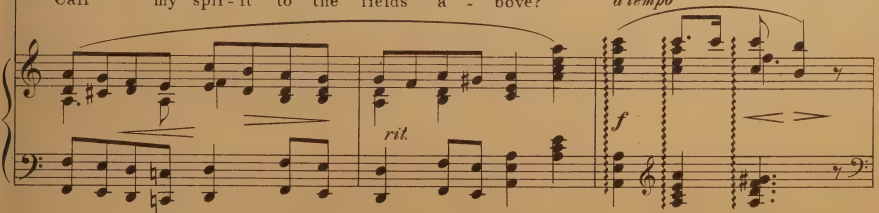
p

mp

Fate bids me lan-guish long a - ges a-way, Yet still in her dark - ness doth

mp

E - rin lie sleep-ing, Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de-lay.

cresc.*cresc.**allargando**a tempo*

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

STEPHEN EDWARD de VERE

Irish Air: "Pearl of the white breast"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

*mp**mp*

1. Oh! she is not like the rose, That proud in beau-ty glows, And
 2. If I sigh, a sud-den fear Comes o'er her, and a tear Stands

mp

boast-eth that she's so won-drous fair;
 quiv-er-ing with-in her down-cast eye;

p
 But she's like the vio-let blue, Ev-er
 When I smile, those orbs of a-zure Gleam

mod-est, ev-er true, From her leaf-y bow'r per-fum-ing the
 forth with love and pleas-ure, Like sud-den glo-ry burst-ing thro' a

rit. *p a tempo*

still night air. Oh, she's gen-tle, lov-ing, mild, She's art-less as a child, Her
cloud-ed sky. If I claim her for mybride, She trem-bles at myside, And

rit. *p a tempo*

cresc.

clus-tring tress-es soft-ly flow-ing down; I'll love thee ev-er-more, Sweet—
gen-ly lifts her eyes with looks so ten-der; I love thee, on-ly thee, My—

sostenuto *cresc.*

rit.

a) Col-leen oge as-thore, My true love, my snow-y breast-ed
b) Col-leen gal ma-chree, My true love, my snow-y breast-ed

rit.

1. Pearl! 2. Pearl!

pp *p* *pp rit.*

- a) Darling young girl (pronounced "O gas-tore")
b) Fair girl of my heart.

Slower

p

3. Such was she, but oh! a change, How mourn-ful and how strange, On my

loved one, my own be-loved one came; Pal - er—

still her pale cheek grew, And her eyes of a - zure hue Seem'd

light - ed with a flame, a fa - tal, wast - ing flame.

pp a tempo

Oh! we laid her in the grave, Where the wil-lows sad-ly wave, And the

*pp a tempo**espress.*

hol-low winds are sigh-ing a plain-tive wail, I'm a -

f poco rit.

lone! a-lone! a-lone! So — wear-i-ly I moan For my

*f poco rit.**dim.*

lost love, my snow-y-breast-ed

Pearl! —

pp

A SONG OF GLENANN

MOIRA O'NEILL

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Brightly

PIANO *mf*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

mf

Och, when we lived in ould Glen-ann Me - self could lift a

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The key signature remains two flats. The vocal line starts with a rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the bass register.

song! An' ne'er an hour by— day or dark Would

rit.

The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a long note on 'Would', marked with a *rit.* (ritardando) instruction. The piano accompaniment follows the vocal line with chords and single notes.

a tempo

I be— think - in' long. The— wear - y wind might

a tempo

The third line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The tempo is marked as *a tempo* (allegretto).

take the roof, The rain might lay the corn; We'd

up and look for bet - ther luck A - bout the mor-row's morn.

rit.

rit.

a tempo
mf

mf

But

since we came a - way from there An' far a-cross the say, I

still have wrought, an' still have thought The way I'm doin' the

rit.

day. An' now we're quare - ly bet - ther fix'd, In

a tempo

a tempo

troth! there's noth - in' wrong: But me an' mine, by

rain an' shine, We do be think - in' long.

rall.

rall.

SOONTREE

(A LULLABY)

NORA HOPPER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. My joy and grief, go—
2. My joy,— fill your dear

sleep— and gath— er Dreams from the tree— where the
hands full of ros— es, Gath— er lil— ies that

dreams hang low, Round— er than ap— ples, and
stand a— row: Pull rush and reed with the

sweet - er than hon - ey, All to de - light you, Ma cree - vin cno!
 Shee's fair chil - dren, But eat not, drink not, Ma cree - vin cno!

p (cresc.)
 Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen sho! Sho - heen, sho - heen,

p slower

sho - heen sho!

a tempo

p

p

3. Reach to the star — that hangs the low - est, Tread down the drift of the

p

Ma creevin cno, My cluster of nuts = my brown-haired girl.

poco rit. ap - ple - blow *a tempo cresc.* Ride your rag-weed horse to the

poco rit. *a tempo*

Isle of No - bles, But the Shee's wine drink not, ma

f

p (croon) cree - vin cno! Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen sho!

slower *p*

rit. Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen sho!

rit.

A SWORD OF LIGHT HATH PIERCED THE DARK

(MO CHRAOIBHIN CNO)

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE *Moderato*

PIANO *f*

A sword of Light hath pierced the dark, our eyes have seen the—

Star: Oh, Ei - re, leave the ways of sleep now days of prom - ise—

are: The rusty spears up - on your walls are stir - ring to and —

mf *rit.* *f a tempo* *a tempo*

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'A sword of Light hath pierced the dark, our eyes have seen the—'. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands. The second system includes the lyrics 'Star: Oh, Ei - re, leave the ways of sleep now days of prom - ise—'. The piano part has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and a ritardando (rit.) marking. The third system includes the lyrics 'are: The rusty spears up - on your walls are stir - ring to and —'. The piano part has a forte (f) dynamic and a 'a tempo' marking. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

allargando

fro, In_ dreams they front up - lift - ed shields_Then wake, "Mo Chraoi-bhin
(mo Chree - veen

allargando

Cno!
no!)

p

The_ lit - tle waves creep whis - per - ing where sed - ges fold_ you _

p

rit.

in, And_ round you are the bar - rows of your bur - ied kith_ and _

rit.

*) Mo chreeveen no, My cluster of nuts = my brown-haired girl, i.e., Ireland.

cresc. a tempo *dim.*

kin; Oh! fam - ine-wast - ed, fe - ver-burnt, they fad - ed like the

a tempo f dim.

cresc. allargando

snow, Or set their hearts to meet the steel for you, Mo Chraoi-bhin

allargando

Cmol

ff sfz sfz

f

Then wake, a-grádh! We yet shall win a gold crown for your

f

head, Strong wine to make a roy - al feast, the

white wine and the red. And in your oak - en

meth - er the yel - low mead shall flow What

day you rise, in all men's eyes a Queen, Mo Chraoi - bhín - Cno!

cresc.

maestoso

ff

rit.

rit.

THE TIME FOR LOVE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

When the

moon was the size av a cart - wheel, And as sooth - er - in' soft as

cream; When the lough lay strange wid the night - mist, And the

down was a sea av dream — When the voice av a gerrl was

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mu - sic, And your own, like a lin - net's wing, ——— Was

flut - ther - in' full av the moon - light And the

mad — glad fire av Spring ———

mf Och, you was the time — for lov - in', Those

moi - ther - in' ban - ther - in' years When

I was a Bil - ly - Go - Fist - er blade And the

world was young, me dears! When I was a Bil - ly - Go -

Fist - er blade And the world was young, me dears!

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

179

A. E.

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

f *sfz* *sfz* *f*

The—

sea was hoar-y, hoar - - y,— Beat-ing on rock and cave: The—

winds were white and weep - ing With foam - dust of the

wave. *ff* They thun - derd loud - er,

loud - er, loud - er, With storm - lips curl'd in scorn, And

allargando
dost thou trem-ble be-fore us, O fall-en star of morn?

Rea *

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

181

A street ballad of 1798
altered by Dion Boucicault
who added the third verse

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con spirito

PIANO

mf

mf

1. O — Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red; Sure
3. But_ if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her

mf

Sham-rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; And Saint
Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed; You may
sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part; I've heard

This song was sung throughout Ireland subsequently to 1798. The melody was printed in 1756.

Pat-rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen, For
take the sham-rock from your hat and cast it on the sod, But
whis-per of a coun-try that lies far be - yant the say, Where

there's a blood - y law a - gainst the wear - in' of the green. I —
'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis trod. When the
rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day. O —

met with Nap-per Tan - dy and he took me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And
E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we

*) Some versions give Buonaparte in place of Napper Tandy.

said, "How's poor ould Ire - - land and how — does she stand?" She's the
 when the leaves in sum-mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then —
 ask a moth-er's wel-come from a strange but hap - pier land? Where the

most dis-tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen, They're
 I will change the col - or I wear in my cor - been, But
 cru - el cross of Eng-land's thral-dom nev - er shall be seen, And

hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - in' of the green.
 till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green.
 where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wear - in' of the green.

WE'RE WEARIN' AV THE GREEN

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO *mf*

mf

We're wear - in' av the green, boys, Be -

neath their Eng - lish rose; We're wear - in' av the

poco rit.

deep - er green That Home and Ire - land knows! The

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a tempo

green av holm and bog - land, The

*a tempo**cresc.*

green av lough and lake; The—

*cresc.**dim.*

green that takes us back a - gain And

*dim.**e rit.**a tempo*

brings the old - en ache! — The green av A - ran

*e rit.**a tempo*

wa - - thers, The green av Rath - lin waves, The

f green av all the hills av Home, And the *dim. e rit.*

green av Ire - land's graves! The green av all the

dim. hills av Home, And the green av Ire-land's graves!

dim. *L.H.* *R.H.* *col* *voce* *10* *La.* *

WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME HER VOICE WAS LOW 187

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

When she

an - - swer'd me her voice was low, But min - strel nev - er

match'd her chords To such a wealth of war - - bled

words In Te - mo - - ra's pal - ace long a - go.

mf a tempo

When her eyes_____ look'd

mf a tempo

cresc.

back the love of mine, Not E - rin's self up -

cresc.

on_____ my sight Has start - ed out of storm - - y

night, With a blu - - er wel - come o'er the brine.

mp

mf

And no oth - er orbs shall e'er e -

clipse That ma - gic look of maid - en love, And

cresc. nev - er song my soul shall move Like that. *rit.*

cresc. *rit.*

low sweet an - swer of her lips. *p*

p



WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

JAMES B. DOLLARD

 Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. I am
2. 'Tis the

leav - ing of Kil - yo - nan, An' I'm goin' ten mile a -
 tor - ture of a moth - er When her treas - ured ones are

way
lost,

To the back of Ne - phin moun - tain, Where the
 An' she sees the bit - ter wa - ter Where their

cresc.

gen - tle riv - ers play, I must flee the wick - ed
cold ——— limbs are toss'd! Oh, — black the hour they

f

o - cean That has caused my woe of woes, For its
sail'd a-way, The an - gry clouds a - rose, An' their

dim. e rit.

cry - in'waves they rack — me When the west wind blows.
bed is hard an' trou - - bled When the west wind blows.

dim. e rit. *p*

pp

3. I heard the Ban-shee
4. My gold-hair'd Mo-ran

p a tempo *pp*

cresc.

wail - in' An' woke in heav - y fright, I said, "My Neil and Mo-ran, Oh,
kiss'd me, (Ah! bleed-ing heart so sore!) 'Tis back we'll be at 'morn-in' With a

cresc.

go not out to-night. For I heard the Ban-shee cry - in' Where the haunt-ed ha-zel
brim-ming boat ga-lore; 'Tis home we'll come at morn-in', When the full tide

p e rit.

grows, An' 'tis e - vil sound her keen - in' When the west wind blows.
flows" Ah! his words are with me ev - er While the west wind blows.

p e rit.

* Banshee: A fairy woman heard keening or crying at night when someone is about to die.

mp

5. I'm leav - in' of Kil - yo - nan, An' the

p a tempo *mp*

o - cean's wick - ed waves, My keen - est woe that nev - er I may kneel o'er their

cresc.

graves. But I'll pray to God, our Fa - ther, He will grant their souls re -

cresc.

p rit.

pose; He will ease my bit - ter sor - row While the west wind blows.

p rit.

THE WIND FROM THE WEST

ELLA YOUNG

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

Blow high, — blow

low, — O wind from the West: You come from the coun - try I

love — the best, O say, have the lil - ies Yet lift - ed their

heads A - bove the lake - wa - ter That — rip - ples and

cresc.

spreads? Blow high, blow low,— O wind from the

cresc.

f

West: You come from the coun - try I love the best.

f *mf*

mp

Do the lit - tle sed - ges Still

mp

shake with de - light, And whis - per to - geth - er All

through the night? Have the moun - tains the pur - ple I

used to love, And peace a - bout them, A - round and a -

bove? O wind from the West, Blow high, blow

cresc. *f*

low, You come from the coun - try I loved long a - go.

rit. *p*

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

197

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto spirito

VOICE

mf

There's

PIANO

p

mu - sic in my heart all day, I hear it late and ear - ly, It

comes from fields are far a-way, The wind that shakes the bar-ley. Och-one, och-one! A -

bove the up-lands drench'd with dew, The sky hangs soft and pearl - y, An

em - 'rald world is lis - - t'ning to The wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och

rit.

one, och-one!

a tempo

p

a tempo

A - bove the blu - est moun-tain crest The lark is sing - ing

mf

mf

rare - ly, It rocks the sing - er in - to rest, The

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, — och - one! Oh,

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

cresc.

still through sum-mers and through springs It calls me late and —

cresc.

ear - ly. *f* "Come home, come home, come home," it sings, — The

f

rit.

wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, — och - one!

rit.

WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

 Irish Air from County Derry
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. Would God I were the tender ap-ple blos-som That floats and
 2. Yea, would to God I were a-mong the ros-es That lean to

falls from off the twist-ed bough, To lie and faint with-in your silk-en
 kiss you as you flow be-tween, While on the low-est branch a bud un-

poco rit.

bos - om, With - in your silk - en bos - - - om, as that does
clos - es, A bud - un - - clos - - - es to touch you,

poco rit.

a tempo cresc.

now! Or would I were a lit - tle bur-nish'd ap - ple For you to
Queen. Nay, since you will not love, would I were grow-ing A hap - py

a tempo cresc.

f.

pluck me glid-ing by so cold, While sun and shade your robe of lawn will
dai - sy in the gar-den path, That so your sil - ver foot might press me

f.

rit.

dap - ple, Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun_ gold. _
go - ing, Might press me go - ing_ e - ven un - to death! _

rit.

